

LIVE
THE
LITURGY
—
USE
A
MISSAL

RESTORATION

SEPT. 8—
BIRTHDAY OF
OUR LADY
—
SEPT. 12—
HOLY NAME
OF MARY
—
SEPT. 15—
SEVEN SORROWS
—
SEPT. 24—
OUR LADY
OF MERCY

VOL. X.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—SEPTEMBER, 1957

No. 9.

ROME APPROVES TITLE LADY OF COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

It all began quite naturally and simply. "Combermere" was such a lovely musical word! It was easy to say when the gasoline washing machine would not start—and one's right foot and leg were numb from pushing the starting pedal. "Oh Lady of Combermere, please make this machine start!"

Or when the wood refused to start burning, and there was the bread—all ready to bake. "Mary of Combermere, help me to start this fire." Little ejaculations anyone would understand.

Lady of Combermere

It was easy too, to call her affectionately by a familiar loved name. So we did, between ourselves—in the family, thinking nothing of it. For to Catholics Our Lady's titles are like endearing names, expressions of a great love. Easily we say OUR LADY OF THE NURSERY . . . OF THE LIBRARY . . . OF ROSES . . . THE GARDEN. So it was with us and OUR LADY OF COMBERMERE.

One day a priest came. He was a student of languages, forgotten, archaic expressions of living languages, as well as the dead ones. He asked us why our village was named Combermere. We told him the little we knew. It was, we had been told, named after an Englishman, Lord Combermere, whose youngest son, taking the family name of Hudson, had settled here, with a grant of land, way back in the 1790's. But the good priest, told us that the word COMBERMERE . . . meant COMBE which was old old French for "a plateau in the mountains," and MERE which meant MOTHER. So putting these together, one got COMBERMERE—MOTHER OF A PLATEAU IN THE MOUNTAINS.

We were all astonished and delighted, because we are A PLATEAU-IN - THE - MOUNTAINS. Combermere is about 1000 feet above sea level and is a plateau. The mountains are all around us, the higher peaks of the Laurentian range. It was so wonderful to find out, therefore, that the affectionate term we had used so easily and naturally really meant that SHE, THE MOTHER OF OUR PLATEAU . . . WAS OUR LADY OF COMBERMERE.

Then a priest came who was a poet. He had a friend who was a composer. Between them they gave us the song, OUR LADY OF COMBERMERE, which became quickly our beloved little private hymn.

Mary of Combermere

One day, several priests asked if anyone of us had ever thought of how Our Lady of Combermere should look. We thought this one over and decided that no one had really given it a thought. But should we try to draw a picture of Her, we would place Her with open arms near our lovely blue Madawaska river, which flows close to Madonna House, in a gesture of welcome and benediction.



Our Lady of
Combermere

A little while after that a priest sent us a picture of Our Lady, which he had asked a nun artist, a Hungarian refugee, to draw for us. It was a nice picture. Not quite as we had imagined Our Lady of Combermere to be. But nice. We hung the sketch and were glad to have it.

Some time later a priest told us he had a lovely prayer to go with the picture, a very old German prayer to Our Lady. It had been translated into English by one of the early pioneer priests of Michigan. It was beautiful. We copied it.

Well, here we were, in a House called MADONNA HOUSE, all of us dedicated to her according to the total consecration formula of Saint Louis de Montfort. Here we had started calling her by the hitherto unknown, title of OUR LADY OF COMBERMERE. We had a picture of Her. We had a prayer. But we could not print the picture, nor the prayer, for the Church requires an IMPRIMATUR on all such pictures and prayers.

Glory of Combermere

Then a Bishop came to visit us. He heard our song. He read the prayer. He saw the picture—AND HE GAVE US AN IMPRIMATUR.

We were so happy! We had the picture printed with the prayer on the reverse side. We started sending it to our many friends. Some prayed to Her. She helped them, a little here, a little there. Nothing spectacular. Just a favor granted. A grace given. Quietly and gently she answered prayers.

The Summer School of 1956 brought to Madonna House a lady who, right off, fell in love with Our Lady of Combermere. She took the picture and prayer back to the U.S.A. A few months later she wrote that she had received a very great favor after making a novena to Our Lady of Combermere. In gratitude she would like to give us a statue, life size, to be placed outdoors at Madonna House, making a real Shrine to Our Lady of Combermere.

She would beg the money to get such a statue, she said. We got quite worried. One cannot have any sort of official shrine to Our Lady under a title that has not been approved by the Church. We wrote our good Ordinary, the Most Rev. William J. Smith, Bishop of Pembroke, explaining the situation.

Star of Combermere

Kindly he replied that no new title could be used, nor funds collected, before the Sacred Congregation of Rites, in Rome, had approved of the new title. He said he would write, requesting such approval, but that it would perhaps take a very long time. He asked us to tell the good lady in the U.S.A. about it, and ask her not to raise money until the answer came from Rome.

(Continued on Page Four)

FATHER "GENE" WRITES

St. Mary's Hospital, Dawson, Yukon, Dear Ed: Our Lady has brought me into the heart of the Gold Rush and end of the "Trail of '98". Several weeks ago the Bishop asked me to preach an eight-day retreat to the Sisters of St. Anne, who conduct St. Mary's hospital here, as well as a home for the old-timers of the Yukon.

Dawson is 330 miles off the Alaska Highway and about 340 miles north of Whitehorse. Since there are no trains or buses, the only way to get here is by car or plane. There is a plane twice a week, and the round-trip fare is \$60.

OUR LADY'S CUTE!

Our Lady saw to it that one of my Army families was coming here on vacation at exactly the time I needed to come, and returning at exactly the time I needed to return. (They are her slaves, so she had no trouble arranging this at all).

Tuesday morning, the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, I offered Holy Mass in my chapel at the Army Camp at 6 a.m. Cpl. Robinson (who has been at Madonna House) and his son, Michael (one of my altar boys) served my Mass. Our Lady gave us a lovely day for Her feast and for the trip. We headed north from the Camp along the Alaska Highway in a Ford station-wagon around 7:00 a.m. After 10 or 15 miles we turned north on the Dawson Road (the Highway taking a more westerly course into Alaska).

It is a gravel road wide enough for two cars to pass, and in good condition. As we turned onto it I noticed a sign which read: "Next gas station 75 miles".

Soon after leaving Whitehorse we were out of the mountains, but curving constantly through valleys formed by rolling, wooded hills (stunted jackpine and dwarfed poplars.) At this time of year the road is bordered with a wild Yukon flower of a beautiful purple hue. And occasionally, where forest fires have levelled the trees, the hills are glowing with this blanket of soft, rich lavender.

SHE'S TERRIFIC!

On the whole, however, the trip was not what you would describe as scenic. Uncontrolled forest fires have ravaged much of the country through which we passed, stripping it of all life and color. The limbless, naked trunks of the jackpines, like a million blackened fingers of some huge corpse, pointed desolately at the sky, which itself grew more sullen and sickly with smoke each mile northward.

For most of the day we were travelling through this blackened wilderness, devoid of human habitation. For an hour around lunch-time, we watched each turn in the road, looking expectantly for a patch of green. We had to settle for black, and greys, and dirty browns. In the course of the journey we crossed three rivers by small, antiquated ferries operated by Indians. The swell and the smell of the swift-moving waters, the touches of green along the banks, the sight of children and dogs playing near the six or eight shackly houses that make up an Indian village—this served as a tonic to our depressed and drooping spirits.

Dawson is situated in a spacious, green valley formed by the junction of the Klondike and Yukon rivers. After a day of driving through that desolate, barren land, it was like arriving in Paradise to see the luxuriant growth of trees and bushes, the deep, rich green of wide pastures, the wealth of wild flowers scattered everywhere; to get the tang and freshness of a living soil in your nostrils, the feel of summer (which we never have in Whitehorse). We had discovered an oasis in this strange rocky desert of the North!

LIVE GHOST TOWN

Dawson must be unlike any other town in the world. From a thriving, rollicking, untamed, gold-crazed city of 35,000 people at the height of the Gold Rush, the total population today numbers 850. Most of the buildings which still stand, do so precariously. Foundations have long since gone; walls tilt and buckle; roofs which have not collapsed, droop and sag. Shattered windows and doorless doorways make thoroughfares of the empty buildings for passersby. And everywhere, inside and out, you find the most amazing assortment of historic junk dating back to '98.

Tall grass and high bushes of verdant green completely surround abandoned cabins and sheds and stores. Through the long evening and the long white night the streets, in the main, are deserted. But they are well-kept and clean, the board-walks in good repair. An occasional house, an occasional store, an occasional church is freshly painted and well preserved. It is a ghost-town that refuses to die.

I am staying in St. Mary's Hospital, which is the former Court House and Capitol of the Yukon, erected in 1901, and beautifully situated on the banks of the Yukon River. Upstream a little ways is the Governor's Mansion (here called the Commissioner). It serves as a home for the old-timers of the Yukon, who are now quite aged and infirm, and cared for by the Sisters of St. Anne.

NEVER SAY DIE!

These old men! They sit all day long in comfortable chairs on the porch or in the spacious hallway of the old mansion, penniless but proud. A very few are still living out in the hills, working their claims, in hope against hope. I went out to see one last night on Bonanza Creek where gold was first discovered. He has refused to sell his claim to the Yukon Consolidated Gold Co., which operates 7 dredges (costing a million dollars each). They mine about \$2,000,000 worth of gold each year.

This old-timer has been trying to sink a shaft on his claim to get down to bedrock where the gold is. It is a tough job, because the ground is always frozen. He builds a fire at the bottom of the shaft each night, thaws out a little of the ground, and then brings it up by pail. A number of his shafts have caved in on him. He is down about 20 feet, and has 30 more feet to go. It will take him two or three more summers to reach bedrock, if he lives, and if the shaft doesn't cave in. Then to bring up the pay dirt (if it's there) and pan the gold.

Yes, Dawson is a ghost town that refuses to die, the last resting place of those who are defying the Law of the Yukon even in old age. . . a law that says

"Surely the weak shall perish and only the fit survive."

With a blessing—Father Eugene Cullinane.



THE LORD JESUS

"The place that the Lord sat on was simple, on the earth, barren, and desert, alone in the wilderness; His clothing was wyde and syde (long) and full seemly, as falleth to a Lord; the colour of His cloth was blue as azure, most sad and fair; His cheer was merciful; the colour of His face was fair-brown—with full seemly features; His eyes were black, most fair and seemly shewing, full of lovely pity, and within Him, an high regard, long and broad, all full of endless heavens. And the lovely looking wherewith He looked upon His servant continually—and especially in his falling,—me thought it might melt our hearts for love and burst them in two for joy. — Julian Norwich (1342-1413).

OUR LAY MISSIONARIES RELIEVE THE PASSION

La Casa de Nuestra Senora, Winslow, Arizona—
By Catherine Maynard

Our Day is The Passion:

Jesus is condemned to death . . . and we, with the very opening of our eyes in the morning are condemned, with countless others all over the world, to death. To dust. To dirt. To heat. To stale air. To noise. To a scarcity of space. But remembering that the Cross was the sole purpose of Christ's life, and His great JOY, we find joy in each step that we take with Him.

Jesus takes up His cross . . . eagerly, breathlessly, joyously. Do we take up ours as He did? Or are we "made" to carry ours? In the Mass, He gives us the strength, the courage, and the help to go through the day. He gives us Himself and He will even carry the cross for us, if we let Him.

Get Up And Go On

Jesus falls the first time . . . and do we fall before we even start? Was arising difficult? Does a weary feeling promise to run through our day, spoiling it a little for the Lord? Let Him help us. Get over those "feelings." Go on!

Jesus meets His mother . . . and He met her many times along the way, just as we meet her numberless times during our day. She was helpless to do anything for Christ, but it is quite different with us, her other children. We receive her constant and loving care. Mothers! Busy mothers. Tired mothers. Loving mothers. Indifferent mothers. Puzzled mothers. Young mothers. Uninformed mothers. Mothers who have borne many children. All these we meet a hundred times over in our day. Is the look in our eyes and the love in our hearts reaching them, as His look and His love reached His mother?

Simon of Cyrene helps Jesus to carry His cross . . . and ours is beginning to get heavier now too. Children crowd into an already over-crowded porch to play. Toys, handicrafts, things-to-do, are scarce. The burden grows because we know that boredom, monotony, lack of love and someone's interest will produce the inevitable fruits . . . sin, loneliness, despair. And then we remember to be grateful for what we do have, to thank God that we even have this over-crowded porch, to do our best with even the skimpy equipment we have . . . to do all this with joy will make our cross lighter. Joy will lift the cross like a Cyrenean.

To Wipe Away Tears

Veronica wipes the face of Jesus . . . Tears and blood are in our eyes too. We are crying over youth. We cry over immodest dresses. We cry over young girls ignorant of what they do, and over those not ignorant, and who DO anyway. We cry over staggering feet and liquored breath, and over boys who try so desperately to be men and have no idea how UNmanly they make themselves. We cry over rudeness, disrespect, impoliteness . . . and then we cry because we realize that many do not know their opposites, courtesy, respect, and politeness. This realization, like a cloth, wipes away the tears and the blood and the mist. And our hearts rejoice at the thought of what young people can be, if someone shows them. When our eyes have been wiped, we see many other things, too . . . we see so many, who are already wonderful kids!

Jesus falls the second time . . . that impatience, that annoyance, that ruffled feeling, that sharp tone of voice! and we have fallen again. But even in our sorrow, we reach for Her hand, and are helped once more to arise . . . and go on.

Jesus consoles the women of Jerusalem . . . No cross too heavy, no sorrow so crushing, no duty so pressing that we cannot stop along the way, for others. Not only can we stop, but we MUST, if we are to "follow in the footsteps of the Lord" . . . In the midst of a pressing job we are asked to drive a neighbor on an errand . . . in the midst of writing letters a dozen little Christs come in . . . and lo, He is no longer in the job or the letter, but in the people who have come! Any job is ended to "talk" . . . because we see so clearly the great need in people to talk. Carrying our cross, we enable Christ again to stop and

console the women of Jerusalem, of Winslow, of anywhere!

Always Our Lady

Jesus falls the third time . . . Pre-judging, critical dissecting of people and their actions, desiring approval, being satisfied (unwarrantedly) in results. All these and other "interior" falls, occur many times along our road to Calvary . . . and always Mary is there to lift us up.

Jesus is stripped of His garments . . . and we, too, must be completely stripped. Stripped of our plans, large and small; stripped of our opinions; stripped of our desires; stripped until there is nothing left of US. Until we care not whether we watch wrestling or opera, or whether we watch television at all. It is enough that Christ has invited us. Until we care not whether we read or play checkers. Until we care not . . . We are here to do the Lord's Will, to think with the Lord's mind and to be abandoned to His Plans . . . We are here to be stripped.

Jesus is nailed to the Cross . . . and just as nails hold Him fast to the wood, so do poverty, injustice, prejudice, and ignorance hold human beings firmly and inescapably to a "lot in life." As we witness these injustices, these prejudices, these inhumanities of man to man, we feel bound and held with Christ on the Cross, helpless to move, or to alleviate their pain and their unhappiness. And then we remember that to hang there and die with Christ IS the help and the alleviation we must give!

The Market Place

Jesus dies on the Cross . . . and for three hour a noisy, uninterested crowd missed the greatest ACT ever performed, happening before their eyes. As we are hanging there we hear the noise still. Rock 'n Roll, that unpeaceful confused, piercing music that fills most nooks and crannies of teenage hang-outs and homes; strident voices screaming at children; bellowing children's voices that scream back; radios that blare; cars that roar like jets; loud voices that just talk; screeches in the night. And nowhere is there much silence, much peace. Christ dies constantly on the cross in the Mass, and few stop to look or listen. There's too much noise! But the few who do stop . . . and the ones who WILL — they are the joy.

Jesus is taken down from the Cross . . . and at the end of a day, we too, are taken down. An Angel? Our Lady? A favorite saint? Someone knows when to put us peacefully to sleep. That easy, peaceful sleep in the Lord.

Jesus is placed in the sepulchre . . . and we sleep through the night to make ready for our arising, another day, another cross, another step toward LIFE.

NOTE TO ST. GOUPIL

Dear Saint: Thank you, oh thank you so very much, for that check of EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS YOU SENT US.

It completes the building fund for the Men's House — named after you. Alleluia! Alleluia!

Now the house should be completed this Fall, and our new "men's vocations" and Our already professed Staff Workers will all be cozily housed under one roof. With plenty of space for

(Continued on Page Four)

RESTORATION

MADONNA HOUSE
Combermere, Ontario
Canada

VOL. X.

No. 9.

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Subscription price \$1.00; Single copies 10c.

RESTORATION is published monthly for clarification of Catholic social thought with the approbation of the Most Reverend Bishop W. J. Smith of Pembroke, Ontario, and is owned by Madonna House Apostolate. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

RESTORATION is a Member of the Catholic Press Association.

WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

The time has come to clarify the policies of our RESTORATION, to tell everyone clearly and concisely what it is... and what it is not. And why.

For years many of our readers have questioned us on this matter. Some have told us they like the paper. Others have tried to make us "see light", or "broaden our approaches." A few have complained we are not "intellectual enough". Many said we are TOO intellectual.

RESTORATION IS THE VOICE OF OUR APOSTOLATE, but it is not a missionary paper, merely soliciting funds... nor is it a nice quiet paper telling its readers the latest censored news on the apostolic front.

No... It is a courageous little paper. It joyously submits itself to proper ecclesiastical censorship, and always seeks the permission and blessing of its Ordinary, the Most Reverend William J. Smith, Bishop of Pembroke. But it fearlessly speaks out for God... justice... and right.

It deals with CHARITY IN ACTION... AND WITH THE FRUITS OF CHARITY, WHICH ARE ALL KINDS OF JUSTICE... SOCIAL, INTER-RACIAL, PERSONAL, AND GENERAL. Its feeble but articulate voice is raised on behalf of all the suffering members of the Church everywhere its apostolate meets them.

It does not aim to be intellectual... it does not want to be un-intellectual. It will never be sentimental... nor saccharine. It aims at presenting, in season and out, THE PRIMARY PRINCIPLES OF OUR HOLY FAITH, AND THEIR PERSONALISED APPLICATION.

What if it tells often of those principles in true life stories?

Mamie Legris in Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon, our Arctic Canadian foundation, spends two or three weeks, night and day... with a premature Indian baby left at the doorsteps of the house... The way the story is told is direct, matter of fact... for those who have eyes to read. It shouts of CARITAS... the immense Caritas of God. It outlines PRINCIPLE UPON PRINCIPLE OF OUR HOLY FAITH... It speaks of death to self... of a long arduous school of loving... of tenderness to a strange mite... of dedication and obedience. And it brings forth at the same time, the tragic needs of Canadian Indians.

It should help a tired young mother to shoulder the burden of her crying baby. It should, for a while at least, give her strength to continue to live with her ever increasing brood in three rooms, overcrowded, and too hot or too cold. If a stranger will do this in an army hut in the Yukon, a mother can do it in a crowded city "anywhere."

Principles can be taught in any form... Sometimes you find them in heavy books with many footnotes. Sometimes in newspapers under the guise of news. Sometimes in fairy stories that are not fairy stories at all. Sometimes in LOVE LETTERS TO GOD. Sometimes in little pen sketches of a lay apostle's day.

RESTORATION is the voice of one apostolate. That apostolate deals with the lives of Indians... Spanish Americans... Rural Canadians... Negroes... Gypsies... people of all races and nationalities. It speaks of the problems of alcoholics... emotionally disturbed people... the single and the married... The parents and the children.

It tells of ways and means of helping people to face the thousand problems they meet daily. It tries to dig deep into men's hearts and souls... and implant God where God is not... What does the form matter? It is as fluid as the apostolate itself... as small and as large as love is. Love was a baby... and Love was a man. Love can become small because it loves... and it can grow immense because it continues to love.

Who can measure Mamie's nights with a strange premature baby? Who can weigh Dorothy Phillips' hours spent with an alky? Who can, divide or multiply the days of Cathy Maynard, spent in the literal heat of an Arizona desert with 100 milling little ones in a catechetical summer school? Who can evaluate the hidden work of Mary Kay Rowland, in Interracial and Social Justice work, in Portland, Oregon?

Love speaks all languages. Charity reaches deep. There is no form or format it can be bound to. There are no labels for what it will endure. IT IS ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN. RESTORATION AIMS TO BE THE SAME. THE VOICE OF OUR APOSTOLATE... THAT HUMBLY TEACHES ITS ETERNAL LESSON. PERSONALISED, SIMPLE, AND DIRECT.

AFTER ALL, AUDIO-VISUAL EDUCATION IS THE BEST EDUCATION OF ALL!

It is all-embracing too. Like Mamie's baby and her sleepless nights.

To go were she would find both, she had to absorb all that the Lord said and the Church had to offer. The Liturgy. A Spiritual Formation. Apologetics on all levels. Theology. All this and much more go into the making of the Mamies of our Lay Apostolate!

RESTORATION aims to share with its readers all of these, in its own original way. In any form the Holy Ghost inspires its writers.

There are many ways of writing. One is with the full freedom of the children of God. That is RESTORATION'S WAY...

2nd World Congress For Lay Apostolate

By Catherine De Hueck Doherty

Once more, for the second time in the history of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, the Holy Pontiff, now gloriously reigning, has called those working in the Lord's Vineyard of the Lay Apostolate to gather in Rome to render an account of their ministry during the past six years, and to plan, prayerfully and efficiently, the future expansion of their apostolates.

The first such Congress was held in Rome in October 1951. Two thousand or more delegates from all the free world attended. It was wonderful to behold these lay people, representing over three and half million Catholic Actionists and Lay Apostles, greeting each other and exchanging ideas. "The being together" was glorious.

IT WAS GLORIOUS

Until then, each group had worked by itself, seeking... groping for new ways and means to restore and extend the kingdom of God on earth. It was such a vast unexplored territory. The sense of excitement, and of adventure with the Holy Spirit were blended with feelings of weariness and doubt. Weariness and doubt vanished in the exchange of ideas. Excitement and elation grew, for it was "a shot in the arm" to know one was not alone in falling in love with God.

It was glorious beyond expression to hear the Pope himself extol the Lay Apostolate, urge its growth, and clarify its aims and goals, as well as the paths it should follow. It is exhilarating to realize that indeed this was the age of the Laity. Secular Institutes were explained. Horizons were widened.

Yes... the Congress of 1951 brought all this and more.

It brought renewed courage, growth of vision and understanding of the heights and depths of its ministry. Above all it brought the blessing, approval, and joy of the pope—the pope who gave us this new concept of the role of the laity and its apostolate in the twentieth century.



THE LAITY GROWS UP

Now, lay people from all parts of the free world, plus a few from the "unfree", will gather again next month in the Holy City. The theme of this Congress is "THE LAITY IN THE CRISIS OF THE MODERN WORLD."

The laity has come of age. With many of the official national delegations, chaplains and bishops will come.

The Congress will be "for and by" the laity. But the formula of the Lay Apostolates of official Catholic Action reads—"ALL BY THE LAITY—NOTHING WITHOUT A PRIEST!"

Laity and priests get their apostolicity from the source of all apostolicity, the bishops of the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

There is great joy in the thought of so many members of the world Hierarchy being present at this second Congress. The theme is profound and timely, urgent and vital for our era. It is hoped that its impact will cause souls to arise everywhere and swell the ranks of all the Lay Apostolates.

FATHER AND CHILDREN

Having been officially appointed a member of the Canadian National Delegation, by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of Canada, I will be able to give you the highlights and high points of the Congress.

When Father and children come together, the Pope and his lay flock... the results should interest everyone! And where is the Catholic who would not be interested in THE CRISIS OF THE MODERN WORLD? IT IS EVERYBODY'S CRISIS. THE SOLUTIONS ARRIVED AT IN ROME THIS OCTOBER WILL BE OF MOMENTOUS INTEREST TO ALL.

Be sure to read Restoration and to let your friends read it. Better even, give subscriptions to your friends.

BUT DO NOT RELY ON RESTORATION ALONE... READ ALL YOU CAN ABOUT THIS UNUSUAL LAY CONGRESS. BECAUSE THE LAITY IS YOU!

Paging A Lay Brother

Madonna House is praying for the help of a lay brother, one who has worked on a farm. A Jesuit. A Salesian. A Trappist. A Benedictine. Maybe one who was forced to leave China or Yugoslavia or Hungary, or some other suffering country, and whose superiors have not been able to place him. We hope, we could have him with us for a year or so. We are praying for one with experience in dairy farming and in general farm management. Our farm enterprise is just beginning. We have a few pigs, a few chickens, a few rabbits, a small herd of cows. We have some wonderful young men in charge of this project; and they have done tremendous work already. But they need the help and guidance of an expert. We want a lay brother, if we can get him. An ordinary farmer would not understand the spirituality of our young men — and they would not like to work with anyone, no matter how good a manager he might be, whose aim was not the same as theirs, to become a saint! If we can find such a treasure we will take care of room and board and all necessities. That is all we can do, in our poverty. If there is such a man, and he can be free to come to us for a time, we shall be most grateful. Write to Catherine Doherty, Madonna House, Combermere, Ont.

A Love Letter To Almighty God

By Eddie Doherty

Dear Lord God: I still feel as though you had installed a brand new church in me, complete with organ and angelic choir; and often I think I can hear the music of Hosannas. You know what I mean, Lord? If you don't, nobody else will. And, inasmuch as You like to let people read these letters, I had better explain.

It was a sunny day. I was sitting outside, near the river. There was a rowboat there, pulled up into the shallow water, close to the big red raft Louie Stoeckle helped to build. The boat was filled with Swiss chard. There was enough of it to sink the boat if it ventured into deeper water. On the raft, and in the river, there were a number of girls in bathing suits. They were taking the leaves out of the boat, dunking them in the water, shaking them vigorously clean, and tossing them into baskets on the raft. They were enjoying themselves as they worked.

STRANGE MAGNIFICENCE

The Swiss chard had come from one of our farms. I had seen it delivered in one of our trucks, a tremendous yellow vehicle recently acquired, a ponderous steel percheron we call Pontifex. It nudged its way into the yard, and a crowd of boys and girls and priests jumped off and helped to unload it. A chain of hands passed the leaves to the boat in the river.

Not far away from the raft, half a dozen other girls were helping Mary Anne "put up" the Swiss chard in hundreds of quart jars, and to install the jars in the catacombs of our cellar. Still others were busy with the drying racks where beets and green beans were being dehydrated for our brethren in the Yukon.

Farms, farm produce, boats, racks, cannery fireplace, truck, boys, girls, and priests—all belonged to Madonna House and its apostolate. Suddenly I had something to the sense of a miracle. Our five acres had become more than eight hundred and five! Our only weary old auto had become a small fleet of cars. Our Staff Workers and Applicants had become so many I got confused trying to count them. No wonder some people thought us magnificently rich; no wonder they thought we had some sort of racket. I went to my room, contrasting the opulent present with the penury of the past.

BLESSING OF SHOWERS

People there were talking about septic tanks, grease cups, BX cables, heating arrangements, and showers for St. Goupil's, where the men will be housed this winter.

Showers! You saw Mike, God, laboriously digging through eight feet of clay and gravel in the hole that will be a root cellar. You saw how Mike's sweat—"like the precious ointment on the head, that ran down upon the beard, the beard of Aaron, which ran down to the hem of his garment" ran

down to the hem of Mike's button shirt.

We have a modern swimming pool. The Madawaska river. Self-filling. Self-cleansing. Self-filtering. Miles long. Guaranteed fresh water all the time. No gadgets to get out of order. Never rheum temperature. A child could operate it. But one cannot use it in the Winter, Lord, without first cutting through 2 or 3 feet of solid ice. Then he has to get the jumbo ice cubes out of his way before throwing his beautiful blue body into our modern air-conditioned deep-freeze freshened water.

"Dedication of one's life is easy in conversation", Mike told me, never pausing in his work. "It's another thing to prove it." He looked for a moment into the modern solar-radiated sky, as if to say, "God, I wouldn't work like this for anybody else." He stooped down to pick up a boulder he had loosened with his shovel. I wouldn't be surprised, Lord, if the devil had known exactly where Mike was to dig, and had put all those boulders there.

All the boys work hard. Every one of them would like a nice cold shower before he goes to Mass and meditation in the morning, and another before dinner, so that he could freshen himself after his work is done.

SHOWER OF BLESSINGS

The conference about St. Goupil's broke up into a discussion of things to be done at St. Benedict's Acres—chambers in the pig motel, a new cow barn, a new chicken coop, hutchers for the hares, the purchase of a horse, the sowing of winter rye, the planting of new trees.

After a time I heard one voice. It may have been Our Lady speaking through an angel. It may have been Yourself. But then, You, God talk to me silently when You talk—that is, when I think You talk. And generally You talk not in words but in ideas. This voice said words. I am sure I was awake and heard them. At any rate the hand wrote some few words on paper, to freeze them forever, so they would be always fresh when read.

"The magnificence is from God. Magnificence and majesty and munificence beyond all measuring are hidden in the tenderness and the poverty of God. The tenderness of God is infinite. His poverty is rich with love. He made Himself poor and tender for souls."

"The King of Kings became a pauper, a beggar of your love!"

"And He came, in hunger and in rags, to this house of His mother, on this little speck of earth seemingly lost in the vastness of a universe of worlds. He came to Madonna House, where Love had built a house to shelter Him—to shelter Love that roamed throughout the world in search of lovers. He came and He was welcomed. He was invited in to warm Himself. He was asked to stay. And His hands were filled to overflowing with the gold and silver coins of passionate and selfless love, the only coins he hungered for."

"The divine Beggar straightened up. He became majestic. His rags fell off him and revealed the splendor of the Almighty King. He blessed the little white house by the blue river, and it became a palace of beauty unsurpassed."

"Can you not see the universe prostrated before Him, adoring Him? Can you not hear angels singing Hosannas?"

"Combermere! A plateau in the mountains! The house of the mother of God! Did not her Son give her the plateau, the mountains, and all the earth, and all the planets and the stars? Is she not Queen of the Universe, the Lady of Combermere?"

FELT, NOT SEEN

"The world has already beaten a path into this faraway nook, a highway becoming too narrow for the multitudes that use it. But few of these visitors beheld Our Lady. Few beheld the Beggar or the King. Yet all felt their presence. All they saw, all they see, is what greets them. Simplicity and joy. Smiling charity. A love that embraces all."

"Those who come to scoff find that silence holds their tongues—and makes them scoff at themselves. Those who come to jeer find their rancor melting, and, almost against their wills, they breathe the happiness that fills Love's house."

"Those who come in heaviness of heart, in fear, in perplexity, in search of security or refuge or peace, find themselves walking arm in arm with a joy unknown before. Those who walk in darkness through the Blue Door suddenly awake in light. Those who have no God but self, kneel, in a few days, at the feet of their Lord and God. The lame, the halt, the blind, discover they can accept the burden of their crosses; can

realize these are gifts of God and therefore to be treasured.

"Tired faces look rested when they have spent a few days here; and cheerful faces weep, unrestrained, when it is time to say goodbye."

NO TIME FOR TIME

"The hours in this house have a strangeness all their own; yet if you were to take each one apart and study it, you would find it contained but the duty of the moment performed with a joyous heart. Time becomes holy here, for no one is reckoning it. No one has time for it. Eternity has taken charge of it."

"It is all quite ordinary, quite simple, this place in the Canadian back bush. Yet, since it holds both God and His mother, it might be compared to Bethlehem. Does its light look like a star?"

Girls in the kitchen below me were singing. Girls in bathing suits, there in the river, and on the raft. And near the fire place. And in the laundry in the moist and smelly cellar. And everywhere else.

Boys driving trucks, boys working around St. Goupil's, boys mowing the stiff grass, or raking the lawns, were singing too.

A dark cloud frowned upon the house and loosed a spate of rain. Nobody was depressed, Lord, as You know. A little later, You put a double rainbow over us, to show Your love and care.

I lay a long time awake that night, remembering things, and listening to the organ playing in the church within me, and to the angels singing to its music—the music of the tenderness of God!

SURELY, LORD, SURELY

Surely there must be other houses in the world where the divine Beggar has been received as lovingly as at Madonna House. Convents and monasteries innumerable undoubtedly have made Him welcome. And seminaries, in which boys study for the priesthood, must have stars that blaze above them, beckoning to the wise who seek the Child.

Surely Our Lady must be as tenderly loved elsewhere as she is in Combermere.

Surely other souls must be singing with the kids of Madonna House—and the seraphim in that mysterious choir loft inside me—the words of the royal David—"I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth."

Keep the organ playing, Lord, while there is life in me. Keep it pumping music in praise of You and of Your Mother — though I may never have the privilege of listening to it again. After all, the music is for You, Lord, not for me.

Thanks for letting me hear this much of it. With all my love and all the music of my loving.

Yours forever—Eddie.

Luck For Somebody

A young couple living near the Hilton mines in the vicinity of Wyman, Quebec, might be interested in a recent letter received from Mrs. Harry Burton of Wyman. Her husband died last June, and she is alone "in a nice comfortable house" which she would like to share or rent. She would like a young couple to live with her, or some elderly people capable of looking after themselves and sharing expenses. Mrs. Burton can be reached by letter, R.B. 1, Wyman, P.Q.



Prayer For A Novice

One day may your hands be anointed, And "Father" be your name. May your first Mass be the first of many That filled you with an ever deepening love. May your words console the sorrowful And gently chide the sinner. May your conversions be lasting and plentiful. May God's grace protect you in temptation. And His Mother guide you to everlasting joy.

Elizabeth Costello

Yukon Gals Aid Men

By MARY RUTH

A story we love is about "the B" and a secretary. "B" was dictating a letter to a bishop, and was discussing the role of the laity in the Church today. She said, "Moreover, our time is now!" It came out "MOVE OVER... our time is now!"

This week the girls at Maryhouse, armed with saws, knives, levels, hammers, carpenter's aprons, etc., marched over to St. Joseph's House, saying in effect to the male staff workers: "Move over; our time is now!" Not that the boys hadn't been doing a wonderful job, but just that two poor male staff workers were faced with enough carpenter work to stymie five. So the girls, moved with pity for their brethren, laid away their cookbooks, irons and other feminine tools and went to their rescue. After all, we are strong women, blessed with good muscles and excellent health!

A SILENT HEART!

So the fun began; Mamie took a paint pail and the brown stain which will make St. Joseph's look like Maryhouse, climbed a ladder, and began to stain the shingles on the front of the building. Against the white trim it made the whole place take on a new dignity.

Terry and I gathered up our tools and went behind the building. There Louie showed us how to cut and measure shingles. If he entertained doubt on the ability of his sisters to become carpenters suddenly and flit around window frames and rafters and under the eaves, he wisely kept it in his heart!

The lesson finished, Terry and I took hammers, nailed up a straight edge (guide board) and began the work. The rhythmic beat of our hammers rang out, punctuated by the music of sawing as one of us cut through the fragrant cedar shakes and fitted a piece under the eaves! Suddenly we paused to look at each other across the staging.

We certainly presented a disreputable looking picture: old, paint-stained jeans, men's shirts hanging outside and painters' caps to shield us from the hot sun!

We loved it. We never before realized how interesting man's work is, and how much there is to it! We developed a new appreciation of men's contribution to society, and I am sure we will both look much more critically at shingles than we ever did before!

ANSWER TO PRAYER

We are racing with time; for we are expectant foster-parents of fifteen Indian high school boys. They will be here in a little while. We must be ready for them. They will have their dormitories and showers at St. Joseph's, and will eat, study and recreate at St. Catherine's. We want the buildings to be ready to be nice for them to live in.

St. Catherine's is the building we have just purchased. It was formerly the meeting hall of the Carpenter's Union and we had been praying for an opportunity to get it. The location is fine, but the building needs a lot of face-lifting just to be made liveable for this year.

SINGLE WOMEN SHINGLE

After the first few days the work began to go much faster and we went at the shingling like experienced carpenters. One morning Terry donned her carpenter's apron and started to climb onto the platform saying: "Are you sure this is safe?"

"Indeed it is," I assured her. "I worked on it all day yesterday, standing on a wobbly box too!"

There was a crash. I didn't have to dig very deep to find her. The quiet, reproachful look I received had much charity behind it! Terry no longer trusts my judgment!

No mention of women carpenters would be complete without mentioning Tom McKeown, who came each day and helped with the shingling after working all night on his own job! It was a consolation to know that an expert was close by to advise us, or to reach up where we couldn't. (Tom is 6 ft. 3!)

Last week was a memorable one at Maryhouse; a week of great peace and joy. The days were long, for we began as early after breakfast as possible, and we worked until 9 o'clock at night but we didn't seem too tired.

Probably it was due to the fact that we remembered another carpenter and his Little Assistant. We offered each blow of the hammer and each cut of the saw for those who have helped us with our building fund.

PRAYER OF A TYPIST

If only men could learn to be like carbon paper—
Beat upon time after time,
So that another imprint is engraved upon it.
If only men could learn
To accept the blows and torments
of the world;
So that the imprint of Christ
Would touch their very depths of soul.

Elizabeth Costello

LOOKS AT BOOKS

By Gay Gleason

THE BRIDGE — Edited by Rev. John M. Oesterreicher. Pantheon — \$3.95 in U.S.A. — 357 pages.

The Bridge, to the mind of this reviewer, is the greatest known contribution towards the filling of a tragic need for a better understanding between Catholics and Jews. The author feels the Jews have missed their splendid inheritance, and the Church has missed that loftier holiness which would be hers if we "wild-olive branch" gentiles were led by that special holiness which belonged to the children of Mother Church in her beginnings when she was Jewish.

The words of Pope Pius XI, "Abraham is called Our Father; Spiritually we are Semites", are examined in some of their implications, by American and European scholars, in the two volumes of *The Bridge* now available. These are yearbooks of the Institute of Judaean-Christian Studies of Seton Hall University, under the direction of Father Oesterreicher.

Born of Jewish parentage, in Austria, Father Oesterreicher's perception has been enriched by such influences in his youth as that of Cardinal Newman, Martin Buber, Soren Kierkegaard, and Dostoevski. But, aside from the immense and varied knowledge and experience which are his, there is in his whole personality something which transcends all knowledge and all assimilated currents of thought.

There is an approachable simplicity which impresses one as most especially Christlike, "in the flesh". Conversing with him, personally, one feels in the presence of a priest who is one of Christ's own by birth, a priest of a special Jewish holiness who is born of priestly blood, of Christ's own people.

One is reminded, somehow, of Adam's being before the fall, as man was destined to be, because there is about Father Oesterreicher, what priests were destined to be,—"cultivated olive branch" priests like St. Peter and St. John and St. Paul, or "adopted" priests, orphaned, so to speak, by lack of Jewish priests like the early Fathers to exemplify patterns of Christliness, "in the flesh". One sees in Father Oesterreicher and loves, with a special integrity, "another Christ", in the flesh and spirit of the Church when it was Jewish. One sees Our Lord more clearly as our Jewish Saviour, and is given a new appreciation and perception of a special Christlikeness of utter and particularly Jewish comprehensiveness of dedication to Our Lord and His (and our) Jewish Mother, and one knows a little of what the Church has missed because it is almost totally gentile!

The writer since her interview with Father Oesterreicher knows for the first time a peculiar sadness and longing for the fulfillment of a tragic need of Mother Church—a need for many Jewish priests and Bishops, who could show us Christ in the flesh", and in Jewish potency of spirit.

There is a special kind of holy warmth and simplicity in a holy Jewish priest.

One reviewer of Father Oesterreicher's "Walls are Crumbling", (Devin-Adair, 1952) said that "he writes as one who is enchanted with the wonder of grace, the excellence of humanity, the beauty of Israel, the nobility of thought, the loveableness of Christ". There is a great spark of the loveableness of Christ in Father Oesterreicher's thoroughly dedicated personality, and the quality of thorough dedication is a particularly Jewish quality which needs only to be directed in the right direction for avalanches of good to emanate.

The Bridge has been received with tremendous enthusiasm by scholars, both Christian and Jewish, and translated into several languages. The Bridge is called a "loving conversation between Jew and Christian".

"As prejudice feeds on ignorance, love requires understanding, and understanding, knowledge", writes Monsignor John J. Dougherty, Regent of the Institute of Judaean-Christian Studies. The knowledge of the basic unity of the old and new testaments offered in *The Bridge* is a magnificent contribution towards this understanding knowledge, but it is only one great facet of the rich foundation of knowledge which *The Bridge* gives one who would find out how to "confront the rabbinical tradition with the teaching of the Church", and examine "the relationship between Christian and Jew."

A third volume will be published early next year, as the Institute continues its studies and presents further results in its next Year Book. Theology, philosophy, history, sociology, literature, and the arts, all "furnish themes for the study of ancient and contemporary thought," at the Institute, and, as stated on the jacket, "it is not a barren knowledge *The Bridge* offers but one that is living, addressed to the whole person."

The Bridge shows above all that Christ is the Bridge dividing, who can unite Jews to their own special heritage, Christianity.

THE VISION OF LA SALETTE by Emile La Douceur, M.S. SHE WHO WEEPS by Leon Bloy, trans. by Emile La Douceur, M.S.

During the afternoon of September 19, 1846, a "Beautiful Lady" appeared to a shepherd-girl of fourteen, Melanie Mathieu, and a shepherd-boy of eleven, Maximin Giraud. During the course of a half-hour visit with them, this Lady (clothed with light) wept, smiled, and spoke. She gave them a message and asked them to make it "known to all my people". It was a request for prayer and penance to atone for the sins of men, particularly violations of Sunday, and swearing.

In 1851, five years after the event, the Bishop of Grenoble issued a Doctrinal Mandate declaring the truth of the Apparition "indubitable and certain." A Shrine was erected on the site of the Apparition and entrusted to the Missionaries of Our Lady of La Salette, a group of diocesan priests, which later became a Pontifical Congregation of worldwide expansion.

Father La Douceur, an American Missionary of Our Lady of La Salette and a leading authority on the subject, in "The Vision of La Salette", presents a detailed and critical account of the Apparition, based upon thorough research and extensive study of all available literature on the subject.

"She Who Weeps" is a translation, due also to Father La Douceur, of Leon Bloy's better known writings on Our Lady of La Salette. Born only a few weeks before the Apparition, the "Pilgrim of the Absolute", felt a close and intimate relationship with Our Lady of La Salette. Mary's tears stirred his soul to its very depth, and lest the echo of Her voice should die away with the meaning of Her tears, he dedicated himself to the task of reminding his generation of its grave importance.

Both books are well illustrated.

Note To St. Nicholas

Dear St. Nicholas: Of course I know everyone calls you Santa Claus . . . or just "Santa" . . . but Catholics know you are the wonder working saintly Bishop who gave presents to children and dowries to girls who could never get married without them. They know too that the Little Infant Christ chose you to go around the world on His birthday and give presents to His little and big brothers and sisters, the children of His Father. He was too small, that cold December day in Bethlehem, to do it Himself. And anyhow He had given the world His greatest gift, Himself, that Christmas morning.

We know you ARE A BUSY SAINT . . . and that it is well to write you in advance about the things one needs for Christmas. So here we are, early in September, writing about what Madonna House needs for the little and big children in this tremendous community where farms and little school houses are hidden in big forests. You know that many depend on us to get in touch with you, so please St. Nicholas, read this list carefully . . . and don't forget anything.

SOAP . . . TOOTH PASTE . . . TOOTH BRUSHES . . . FACE CLOTHS . . . HANKIES . . . COSTUME JEWELRY (SECOND HAND OK) BABUSHKAS . . . HOLY PICTURES . . . ROSARIES . . . HOLY WATER FONTS . . . HOLY FRAMED PICTURES TO HANG ON BARREN WALLS . . .

CRUCIFIXES . . . TOYS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS (THEY NEED NOT BE EXPENSIVE) . . . BOOKS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES AND BOTH SEXES . . . DOLLS . . . PENKNIVES . . . PENCILS . . . EXERCISE BOOKS . . . COLORING BOOKS . . . CRAYONS TO GO WITH THEM . . . GAMES . . . PRAYER BOOKS . . . WARM SOCKS . . . SOCKEES . . . TIES . . . MEN'S HANKIES . . . BILLFOLDS (PLASTIC ONES WILL BE NICE) BOYS AND MEN'S BELTS . . . WARM GLOVES . . . MITTENS . . . HOLY MEDALS . . . WOOL TO KNIT (REMNANTS WILL DO) . . . SEWING MATERIALS (WE CAN MAKE LITTLE KITS OF THEM) . . . ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING THAT PLEASES CHILDREN OF ALL AGES . . . AND DON'T FORGET CANDIES. THEY ARE SO IMPORTANT TO ALL ON THAT FEAST DAY.

Then of course there are the shut-ins . . . the old . . . the sick . . . HOT WATER BOTTLES . . . BED SOCKS . . . WARM SHAWLS . . . LITTLE BED SIDE RADIOS THAT HAVE BEEN LYING, FORGOTTEN, SINCE TV CAME INTO ITS OWN IN SO MANY HOMES. . .

You see, St. Nicholas, the list IS LONG . . . But then we have over 4,000 children to take care of for you . . . So please Remember NOT TO FORGET OUR LITTLE LONG LIST . . . OR THERE WILL BE MANY DISAPPOINTED YOUNGSTERS IN COMBERMERE AND VICINITY . . . With hope and love — The staff at Madonna House.



PAX CHRISTI

Pax Christi, an organization concerned with international Catholic correspondence, has asked editors of Catholic magazines and newspapers throughout the world to publish the following message. Those wishing to take advantage of the offer may write to Mr. A. Lang, general secretary, at Villeroyst. 2, Wallerfangen Saar, Europe:

In his speech of the 13th September 1952, the Holy Father confided to PAX CHRISTI the high mission of "setting going the forces of peace slumbering in the Church and the Catholic world". To this end the movement founded in 1945 and under the international presidency of Cardinal FELTIN, archbishop of Paris, endeavours by every available means to promote goodwill between the nations and in particular mutual understanding and esteem, friendship, and brotherhood between the Catholics of the world.

Among the different action branches founded by PAX CHRISTI, the International Catholic Correspondence (ICC)—branch, already numbering 8,000 members, appeared especially efficacious.

Its immediate object is the establishing of personal contacts between Catholics all over the world, irrespective of nationality, race, or class. Unfortunately, it has not enough members to satisfy the numerous requests for correspondents, which are arriving from elsewhere as the result of our various appeals. Therefore we respectfully ask you to make known this service of ICC and to encourage young and old within your province to take advantage of it. It is not necessary for them to be members of PAX CHRISTI-movement. All that is needed is a letter to the above address giving personal particulars, including knowledge of languages. For this, no charge is made: we only ask that each request be accompanied by an international reply-coupon, obtainable at most post-offices.

Information Centre Is An Ammunition Depot

By Dorothy M. Phillips

Catholic Information Centre—Edmonton—This time I will be getting out of my beaten path of writing about Marian Centre. Having been lucky enough to relieve Marie Langlois at the Information Centre for the duration of her holidays I thought it would be nice to give you a few of my impressions of the things that go on there.

The mornings are fairly quiet periods where one can go about taking stock of the books and pamphlets on hand. Or one can do the office work, with only the occasional interruption of someone coming in. This woman wants, a suitable pamphlet or book "to leave around the house"—not too conspicuously—for a non-Catholic husband. This one just wants to "browse."

MASS BEGINS

By eleven o'clock, people come with an air of familiarity in the place. Some are looking at the pamphlet rack. Others are examining the pocket books on display there. A few are sitting in the chairs beside the window, engaged in quiet conversation or waiting for Mass to begin.

Many walk right on through the front room with a casual smile or "Good morning". These find their way into the chapel and sit in quiet prayer, fingering rosaries, or reading some spiritual book. Shortly after twelve, the chapel is filled, and Mass begins. During my stay the average number attending daily Mass was about thirty. Usually twenty or so received Holy Communion.

After Mass, the place is a beehive. Many are making purchases. Others are standing in small groups talking. A few rush out. They have to eat in the short period left of their lunch hour.

Many questions are asked by Catholics who wish to be better informed, and by non-Catholics. One man wanted to know how one went about "buying a Mass" for his Catholic friend who had just died. He asked if he might come back to talk about "the splendor of your faith."

CATHOLIC MEN AT BAY

One day two men in their early twenties came rushing in for ammunition against a fellow worker who was constantly attacking the Church and trying to induce other employees to leave it.

They themselves were "stumped" on how to answer the man. I gave them a pamphlet, and talked to them until they had to rush away. When they returned they said they had silenced the man on one point. Now he was attacking from another angle—that priests were not necessary, as Christ was the only mediator between God and man.

A pamphlet on the priesthood was read. They said they would spend the evening boning up on the answers they would give the adversary the next day. They also wanted to see a priest, for his advice.

They are now determined to acquire a greater knowledge of their priceless heritage, for they see the possibility of their companions' losing it. They realize now, what the loss of their religion would mean to themselves.

THANKS TO VOLUNTEERS

The afternoons at the I.C. are pretty well taken up with an unrelenting but fairly steady stream of people coming in for a purchase, or to ask questions. A small group of volunteers, who have regular allotted times to assist, are a great help in checking invoices, unpacking stock, working on the books, answering the telephone, and generally helping out. We owe a special vote of thanks to them for their loyalty in turning up with great fidelity.

I believe the thing that impressed me most about the Information Centre is the nucleus of Catholics that is becoming not only interested in seeing its work grow but is now using its facilities to draw non-Catholics to it. It is obvious these people feel they are a part of the Centre. And indeed they are.

It was wonderful welcoming Marie back after her holidays. But I will miss the interesting hours at the Centre. I am determined to drop in a little oftener, to taste again the particular atmosphere of peace with which Marie seems to have imbued it.

FOR GOD'S SAKE

By Catherine

Have you ever been madly in love? If so you will understand our begging quite easily. For all the members of our staff, and I, are IN LOVE . . . MADLY IN LOVE WITH GOD.

Would you hesitate to beg . . . if those you love so deeply needed financial help . . . your wives . . . your husbands . . . your children . . . if they were hungry . . . cold . . . naked . . . in need of medical help? Would YOU hesitate, if need be, to abase yourself . . . to stand at the corners of streets and market places with a hand outstretched for alms? YOU know you would not hesitate!

MY LOVE IS COLD . . . HUNGRY . . . AND NAKED IN HIS MYSTICAL BODY . . . I AM IN LOVE WITH CHRIST . . . and ALL AROUND ABOUT ME SURGES THE PAIN AND THE NEED OF CHRIST IN HIS POOR.

Is it any wonder that I beg . . . we beg . . . always, without ceasing? How could we cease when our eyes see misery untold . . . and our ears, night and day, hear the piteous cries of the forgotten poor of the world?

TO AID GOD'S POOR

WHAT DO WE NEED MONEY FOR? To feed the poor . . . to clothe the poor . . . to nurse the poor . . . we need money to house and train those who will nurse, feed, clothe, and help the poor in the thousand ways the ingenuity of love and the need of the moment will indicate.

We need money to pay the fare of our apostles to the distant places to which love calls them . . . the immensity of Canada and the U.S.A., from the Arctic to the desert. Even at half fare, charity certificate style, IT COSTS MONEY TO SEND CONSECRATED TRAINED PERSONNEL TO THE MISSION FIELDS.

We need money to BUILD . . . simple houses for the flood of vocations that comes to us. No sooner is one place built than there is need for another. The Lord of harvests sends the harvesters . . . to harvest the over-ripe fields. A little space to sleep in . . . a little simple food to eat . . . all these dedicated Lay Apostles of Madonna House Secular Institute ask . . . LOVE WILL MAKE UP FOR EVERYTHING . . . That little food . . . that tiny space means putting up a new building . . . and building means MONEY . . .

TO TEND GOD'S POOR

How much do we spend on armament? Perhaps if we spent MORE ON APOSTLES, MISSIONARIES, AND SUCH, THERE WOULD BE MORE PEACE IN THE WORLD . . . AND FEWER DOLLARS NEEDED FOR TAXES.

How much do we spend on essentials? A little less POP . . . ICE CREAM . . . CANDY . . . OR TOBACCO . . . AND THE LIGHT OF CHRIST WILL PENETRATE INTO THE DARKEST OF CONTINENTS . . . MEN'S SOULS! WHAT PRICE A SOUL?

We have been asked to go to Pakistan, Tanganyika, Nigeria, and other distant lands . . . By Ordinaries. Perhaps I should print their letters. They make one weep unashamedly. In our own countries, Ordinaries come in person to ask for foundations in their dioceses. ALL THIS TAKES MONEY!

You see what I mean? Truly we LOVE GOD MADLY . . . TRULY WE WANT TO GIVE AND DO GIVE . . . WE GIVE OUR LIVES TO HIM UNDER THE VOWS OF POVERTY, CHASTITY, AND OBEDIENCE, IN THE MARKET PLACE . . . WE ARE WILLING TO GO ANYWHERE, DO ANYTHING . . . FOR LOVE'S SAKE . . . TO BRING SOULS TO HIM . . . TO RESTORE HIS EARTHLY KINGDOM TO HIM . . . BUT WE CAN'T IMPLEMENT OUR BURNING LOVE . . . NOR LAY DOWN OUR LIVES AT HIS FEET . . . IN THIS OUR DAY AND AGE . . . WITHOUT CASH!

PLEASE SEND US SOME . . . SO THAT LOVE MAY REACH ITS BELOVED IN OTHERS.

YOU THAT HAVE LITTLE, GIVE US YOUR PENNIES . . . YOU THAT HAVE MORE GIVE US YOUR SILVER . . . YOU WHO HAVE MUCH, GIVE US YOUR FOLDING MONEY.

PLEASE GIVE US WHAT YOU CAN . . . we promise to make every penny do the work of three. Our hearts will thank you . . . but more than that, YOU WILL RECEIVE THE GRATITUDE OF OUR BELOVED, THE LORD CHRIST, WITH A MEASURE PRESSED DOWN AND OVERFLOWING!

Make checks payable to "Madonna House" . . . Thank you!

Stella Maris Starts

By Mary Kay Rowland

Stella Maris House, Portland, Ore., September! The blessing of Our Chapel and house... the official opening of Stella Maris! The beginning of a new era for this small group of Madonna House apostles. Gone are the days and nights spent plastering, painting, scrubbing, and washing, deciding color schemes, placing furniture, arranging the easiest and most efficient location for scores of things. Our physical set-up is settled. Except, of course, for endless rearranging and adding, which comes with living in a house.

It has been wonderful, though, to see the transformation of a dreary, dirty, empty house into a bright, cheerful, shiny home filled with happy voices and hearts. It took long hours and days of hard work, day after day, week after week... But "love does such things" without noticing the tiredness, for the joy of seeing the beauty and order which came forth, and now is our home—Stella Maris.

ALL SORTS OF CRAFT

Our Lady, Star of the Sea, has guided many helpful ships into her little cove of peace and charity on Weidler Street.

The terrific Y.C.W. kids, who so eagerly and joyously came to help their fellow apostles, washed and waxed and painted and cleaned gladly into the late hours of the night. We had singing and discussions about the things which really matter in life, over the coffee and cookies they provided.

Mr. Robben and his son Jack, and Jack's friends (Y.C.W. boys) gave all the labor for installing the heating system in the house. The old boiler was completely useless, so he got a new gas furnace. The radiators were all disconnected, and the pipes had been taken out. The boys gave their time willingly until the job was finished, staying as late as 12.30 some nights...

The electricians' helper, Bob, would bring us "peace offerings" of ice cream or apples or something similar. This, when he had been called off from Stella Maris to go work on another job... We had great fun catching up with him and his work. We could paint only where he had taken out the old wiring and put in the new. It was sort of cat and mouse most of the way...

The Knights of Columbus helped us move from our William St. store front, and had their boys' club take care of the jungle that was the lawn. They also arranged a good discount for our paint, a most important item in our program of beautifying the house.

The art committee graciously took care of the chapel for us, remodeling the altar and arranging to have the Stations made. Kitty wove yards of material for the drapes, and made the drapes for the rest of the house. Father Domini painted our blue and white sign with the Pax-Caritas Cross. Now no one has difficulty finding us.

Our teenage girls, attracted first by B's talks, came whenever they could, and did all kinds of jobs, like washing windows, painting the Blue door, cleaning the rug which was given us...

The wonderful Sisters from the hospitals and academies provided beds, dishes, books, food and many other items.

The C.F.M., the Sodality girls, the convert groups and many others whom we hope to know better, proved indeed to be our friends.

Marvelous people, like the Conroys, gave us the linoleum blocks and all the necessary equipment for our bathrooms and kitchen... the Fosters, Dan and Jordan, adopted our lawn... The Prentiss', interested in art and the cultural side of life gave a wonderful shower for furnishing the house... Our Lady certainly has her ways of getting her friends together!

There is one group to whom we are especially indebted—the Blanchet House of Hospitality. Everyday Chuck stops by with the truck and asks what we want for dinner. They supply us with food, for our needs seem very small to their feeding of over a thousand men a day... Everyday one or two of the men from the House came over and helped with the work. We couldn't have done it so well nor so quickly without them.

AND HOLY FRIENDS

One very special treat Our Lady had in store. That is having Mt. Angel Abbey so close by and also Our Lady of Guadalupe's

Trappist Abbey. The good Benedictines have offered us their hospitality whenever we feel in need of a restful weekend. We all have taken advantage of it and returned to the city greatly refreshed and strengthened by the peace and quiet of the Abbey and the most gracious hospitality of the monks. May Our Lady repay them for us. I could write a whole article about my stay there, so much of an impression it made on me!

All these grand people have helped make Our Lady's house what it is now. This is just the beginning of a greater and better understanding between all the groups of the lay apostolate working for the same end, an appreciation of each other's activities and work, and the sharing of common difficulties. For us of Stella Maris it is the beginning of really participating in the activity of our mandate, the beginning of getting acquainted with all the various groups and situations in order to implement that mandate.

Our Lady, Star of the Sea, help us to be a tiny beacon to others in this sea of life, so that many may find their way to you, and through you, to your Son!

CHRIST the Workman



Combermere Diary

We are writing this the first week of August, knowing that you will be reading it in September—but that is the way of newspapers and their make-up! And there is only one thing predominant in our minds and prayers—and that is a deep sense of gratitude to God for the many, many graces and blessings of this summer and Summer School.

First, we want to thank Him from full hearts for the many, lovely people that visited us, and attended the lectures given by devoted and learned priests. Next we wish to thank Him for the possible dozen or so vocations that may come from this group.

We want to thank Him for the many who received the grace to consecrate themselves totally to His dear Mother.

We want to thank Him for the abundance of crops in our gardens, farms and orchards. At this writing, the kitchen tells us that we have canned 1428 jars of Swiss chard, beet tops, green beans, pickled beans and beets, strawberry and raspberry jam, rhubarb, pineapple, currant jam, marmalades; and that there are at present 541 lbs. of frozen vegetables, and a barrel of sauerkraut. The potatoes and corn and apples and other produce is still to be harvested.

We are grateful that 88 adults and 201 children enjoyed their vacations at the Cana Colony, and had the opportunity of daily Mass and Communion, and Family Rosary in our Lady of the Lake Chapel, in the presence of Her Son in the Blessed Sacrament.

We were happy and thankful that we had a Benedictine priest to celebrate the Solemnity of St. Benedict; a Carmelite priest to say holy Mass for us on the feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel in July; and a Jesuit for the Feast of St. Ignatius. Maybe next year we will have a Dominican for the Feast of St. Dominic; this year our Dominican Father came too early!

We were privileged to have the company of two priests of the French Foreign Mission Society for a month, and we wish Father Pelland in his future post in Philippine Islands, and Father Dupont in his future mission in Japan, God-speed, and God's blessings.

And finally we are most grateful for this lovely letter that came from one of the priests who taught our Summer School.

"Dear Catherine, Eddie, and All of Madonna House, 'On this beautiful Feast of Our Lady of

Mount Carmel, my thoughts travel quickly over the many miles that separate me from you today. Though I am glad to be home again, there is nevertheless just a tinge of homesickness for Madonna House and all it stands for. My heart is filled, however, with an indescribable joy as I reflect on the many graces and blessings that have come to me through Our Lady and all of you. Even before leaving, the verse of the Psalmist, adapted just a bit, kept popping into my head: "Dilexi, Domina, decorem domus tuae"—I have loved, O Mistress, the beauty of thy house. These thoughts won't leave me now and sort of summarize my impressions of the week I was privileged to spend with you.

"Outside of this, it is hard for me to express adequately the peace and charity as well as the joy I have experienced. There is something unaccountably attractive about Madonna House which I have not been quite able to fathom—unless it is the child-like confidence and devotion of its children in Mary, our Mother. I am convinced now that the "Blue mantle of her love" about which you are always speaking and singing and praying is much more than mere poetry.

God bless all of you and our Lady be with you always."

Dick Parker Is Happy

(Dick "Bird" Parker, former men's director in Combermere, now a Staff Worker in Edmonton, gives us a "bird's eye view" of Marian Centre.)

Marian Centre, Edmonton, God is real good. And quite often He plays little tricks on you. I'm typing this in a room called "Bethany" in the house next to Marian Centre which they have named St. Joseph's. "Bethany" is a room set aside for the staff for recreation, reading, or quite often for sleeping. That it is seldom used is an understatement. A little while ago Dot popped her head in and made me come over to the centre to get a blessing from a Father Joseph who has been ordained just a month.

I ran over. In the small kitchen I found Dot, Elsie, Paul and two volunteers. Dot said "Well, kneel down!" I was somewhat bewildered as, besides the Staff, there were only two volunteers. The girl was baking something in the oven. The young man was a seminarian from Le Bret, Saskatchewan, who had arrived that morning to give us a hand.

THE NEW PRIEST

Lo and behold it was he that was Fr. Joseph!

Before we found out about him, we had had him washing dishes, dusting, peeling vegetables, and serving our Brothers Christopher—which he enjoyed very much!

There is nothing that can be compared to the blessing, or the presence, of a priest in your house, and we in Madonna House Apostolate have been very fortunate in this respect. Our parish priests in Edmonton drop in frequently, as do others passing by, and there is always a feeling of peace, joy and love when they are with us.

Our day begins at Marian Centre with meditation and Mass in the morning. Right after breakfast we all fly in different directions. There are our dishes to do, the office work, the setting of tables for our brothers Christopher as we serve them in the morning and in the afternoon, the maintenance of our houses and the countless pickups (that is, telephone calls we receive to pick up clothes, food, and other things) any time of day or night. There is the constant ringing of the doorbell or the phone. People asking for assistance to find jobs, a bed for the night, food or just wanting to drop in for a chat.

WHAT THEY NEED

I enjoy serving the men. They are really a wonderful group. They range from the twenties to the sixties or seventies. Some are trying to live on their pensions, some are without jobs or friends, some are alcoholics. But what they need most—as all of us do—is someone to love them. With all their troubles, they do have a good sense of humor. It is a privilege to serve them.

Our volunteers are young high school girls, housewives, and working men and women. They give us a few hours in the morning, or afternoon, and in the evening. Without them, things would be difficult for us. They help prepare the food, assist in keeping the houses clean, in painting, in carpentry work, and in many other ways. Right now there is a group of girls scrubbing and waxing the floors upstairs. They are doing it joyously, and for the love of God.

AND SUNSETS TOO

Our new building is expected to be finished by the end of October. It will permit us to have a bigger dining room for the men, so that next winter they won't have to wait outside in below zero weather before they can get into the house for a meal. We will have a much larger kitchen, more office space, and a larger chapel. We can have holy hours and days of recollection.

There is just one thing more. Never have I seen such beautiful sunsets and skies as there are in Edmonton. Each night there is a beautiful picture for you to behold. Another gift from God which so often we take for granted.

Those who instruct others to justice shall shine as stars for all eternity.

NOTE TO ST. GOUPIL

(Continued from Page One) beds! And joy of joys indoor showers and toilet facilities! A luxury understood only by those who have for years been deprived of what other folks consider a necessity. THANK YOU INDEED.

HOLD ON HALF A MO—

But don't run away. True, laundries are not in your department. That is more of a feminine affair. Yet, if the history books are right, YOU DID THE LAUNDRY for all the Jesuit Martyrs and yourself. Did you not? In the many cold lakes and rivers of Canada, and also in what today is New York State?

Then you will understand when I point out to you that A LAUNDRY IS THE NEXT BIGGEST PROBLEM AT MADONNA HOUSE.

Consider the matter carefully. St. Goupil. If you feel baffled, talk it over with Our Lady, St. Martha, the "Little Flower", and any other saint who knows about such things. I'll make it short and manlike.

We process, the year round, personal laundry for 50-60 people a week, and during the summer school for three times that many. Add to this about 200 sheets a week... 250 towels, 150 to 200 pillow cases, and many other things in volume.

For the past years all this has been done in two washing machines that would do well in a museum devoted to historic and obsolete electrical appliances.

NO, DON'T GO YET

You must know about the heroic work of our young staff in the laundry. The kind of hidden work... of thousands of "little things" done over and over again for the love of God in a dark dank smelly basement... sweating over two old washing machines six days out of seven.

Now mind you, St. Goupil, we are willing to go on, indefinitely, washing this way. But how wonderful it would be if we could get an INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY OUTFIT. The huge washing machine takes in 35 to 40 lbs. of wash at once—against the 6 to 8 lbs. accepted by our obsolete equipment. It not only WASHES THE DIRTY STUFF... IT RINSES AND SQUEEZES THE WATER OUT, READY FOR THE DRIER... THE PROPANE GAS GADGET THAT DRIES FAST AND WELL.

Think of that, dear Saint! No more hanging out the wash in 48 below zero! No more lugging huge laundry baskets across the deep snow of our 7 acres! No more tears shed on rainy days—Oh St. Goupil... please think of all that... and of THE TIME SAVED BY OUR STAFF, WHICH CAN AND WILL BE USED IN DIRECT SERVICE TO GOD'S NEEDY AND POOR! THINK OF THAT TOO—THINK MUCH, AND HARD, BELOVED ST. GOUPIL!

And, when you have thought it all out, please find ways and means to raise THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS MORE FOR ALL THAT EQUIPMENT AND ITS INSTALLATION.

I feel hesitant, and shy, asking YOU to do this. A laundry is such a seemingly picayune thing to beg for. Yet I know that if we are to grow in the apostolate of the Summer School, and in the number of vocations, this humble department must be attended to.

So... I leave it to you... to Mary... to St. Martha and to St. Therese. PLEASE finish the job you began so well. Catherine.

MAGAZINES

Every year our many and wonderful friends write to us asking what would WE PERSONALLY like for Christmas. Deeply as we appreciate their loving kindness, we must tell them that PERSONALLY WE DO NOT NEED ANYTHING. The Lord provides our poverty with all its necessities. Alleluia. BUT... there is an item we ALL ENJOY... the more so that after we HAVE ENJOYED IT we can pass it on to Our Catholic Lending Library, where many others read it... and then send it along to distant missions that beg for that same item.

THIS ITEM IS MAGAZINES... ALL KIND OF MAGAZINES THAT KEEP US INFORMED... AS LAY APOSTLES OF THE MARKET PLACE SHOULD BE... AND AFTER HAVING GIVEN US THEIR PRECIOUS GIFTS OF KNOWLEDGE... KEEP MARCHING ON... TO SPREAD IT EVER FURTHER AND WIDER...

HERE IS THE LIST OF MAGAZINES WE WOULD LIKE TO GET... IF SOMEONE WOULD SUBSCRIBE FOR THEM FOR US... AS A 1957 CHRISTMAS PRESENT...

1. America, \$8.00 a year, \$14.00 for two years. 70 E. 45th street, N.Y.C. 17, N.Y.
2. Apostolate, \$2.00 per year, 21 W. Superior St., Chicago, Ill.
3. Apostolic perspectives \$2.00 per year, \$3.50 for 2 years. Box 181 Notre Dame, Indiana.
4. L'Art Sacre, \$3.00 a year, 38 Rue de La Tour, Maubourg, Paris 7, France.
5. Blackfriars, \$4.30 per year, 34 Bloomsbury St., London, W.C. 1, England.
6. Books on Trial, \$3.50 per year, 210 W. Madison St., Chicago, (6) Ill.
7. Canadian Poultryman, \$1.50 per year, 3192 Buckingham Ave., 1, Vancouver, B.C. Canada.
8. THE CANADIAN NURSE, \$3.00 a year, Suite 522, 1538 Sherbrook St., W., Montreal, P.Q., Canada.
9. The Catholic Mind, \$3.50 a year, 70 East 45th St., N.Y.C. 17, N.Y.
10. The Catholic World, \$5.50 per year, 411 W. 59th St., N.Y.C. 19, N.Y.
11. Cross Currents, \$3.50 per year, 311 Broadway, N.Y.C. 27, N.Y.
12. Gleaning in Bee Culture \$2.00 per year, Medina, Ohio.
13. Horticulture, \$2.50 per year, 300 Mass Av., Boston 15, Mass.
14. Information Catholic International, \$6.00 per year, c/o Periodica Inc. 5112 Av. Papineau, Montreal, 34 P.Q., Canada.
15. Jubilee, \$5.00 per year, 377 4th Ave., N.Y.C. 16, N.Y.
16. MISSI, \$1.00 per year, 12 Rue Sala, Lyon, France.
17. THE POPE SPEAKS, \$5.00 a year, 3622 12th St., N.E., Washington, 17, D.C.
18. Popular Gardening, \$3.50 per year, Owl Publishing Co., 530 5th Ave., N.Y. 36, N.Y.
19. Profitable Hobbies, \$3.50 per year, 737 Hobbies Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.
20. Sponsa Regis, \$2.00 per year, St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn.
21. Theology Digest, \$2.00 per year, St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kansas.
22. Worship, \$3.50 per year, St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn.
23. American Home Magazine, \$3.00 per year, American Home Bldg., Forest Hills, N.Y.
24. The Catholic Digest, \$3.00 per year, St. Paul, Minn.
25. Commonweal, \$7.50 per year, 386 4th Ave., N.Y.C. 16, N.Y.
26. Popular Mechanics, \$3.50 per year, 200 E. Ontario Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
27. Reader's Digest, \$3.00 per year, 1015 Beaver Hall Mill, Montreal, P.Q., Canada, or Pleasantville, N.Y.
28. Time Magazine, \$6.50, 25 Adelaide St., Toronto, Ont.
29. Saturday Evening Post, \$6.00, Independence Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

Yes... MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS WOULD MAKE A NICE PRESENT FOR EACH AND ALL OF US... AND MANY MORE... THANK YOU FOR ASKING WHAT WE WANT.

LADY OF COMBERMERE

(Continued from Page One)

This we of course did immediately. The lady replied that of course she would wait, but not to worry, Our Lady of Combermere, she was sure, would see that Rome gave a favorable answer. And that soon!

We smiled! How wonderful simple faith is! But we must confess we did not quite share it. Our Lady had many other titles. Why should the Sacred Congregation even consider ours? Nothing spectacular had happened. No apparitions could be reported. Nothing... nothing extraordinary... had given us any cause to suspect that Rome would act soon, if at all.

Great then, was our happiness, astonishment, and delight, when, in less than two months we received another letter from Bishop Smith, informing us that the Sacred Congregation of Rites HAD GRANTED US PERMISSION TO ERECT A STATUE OF MARY UNDER THE TITLE OF OUR LADY OF COMBERMERE!

Our hearts have been singing alleluias ever since, and are truly overflowing with gratitude to Our Lady. Some day her statue will stand on the banks of the Madawaska. She will have there a lovely shrine... with the permission of the Church, the Bride of her Divine Son. Alleluia!

Love of Combermere

It will have to be a bronze statue, to stay outdoors in all weather. We can get one for TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Would you like to help our dear friend in the U.S.A. who started all this? Would you like to have a share in this new statue to OUR LADY OF COMBERMERE? Send your pennies, dimes, quarters or dollars, to MADONNA HOUSE, COMBERMERE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

We have opened a special fund. Please make your checks or money orders payable to Madonna House. BUT BE SURE TO CLEARLY INDICATE, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CHECK, OR IN YOUR COVERING LETTER, THAT THIS GIFT IS SPECIFICALLY FOR THE SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF COMBERMERE.

We are glad Our Lady liked our calling her by this name. We think she liked it so much she helped the Sacred Congregation to approve it.

OUR OWN WHO'S WHO



Miss Shirlee Ann DeWitt, born in Detroit, now secretary to "The B", came to Madonna House as a Staff Worker Applicant in September, 1953, and made her first year's promises in April of the following year.

Miss DeWitt is a graduate of B1. Sacrament Cathedral grade school and the Visitation and Lady of Mercy High schools in Detroit. She came to the apostolate from the University of Detroit. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Manning DeWitt of Detroit. One of her brothers is a priest and another is a seminarian. Her sister is Sister James Francis, O.P., a Dominican nun.

Miss DeWitt, an accomplished stenographer, occasionally writes for Restoration.

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